

The Evening World

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WHY BLOCKADE NEW YORK?

B RITISH warships still presume to hold up neutral vessels entering this neutral port.

Last Wednesday night the Dutch steamer Nickerie, arriving at New York from South American and West Indian ports, was halted before she reached harbor by the British cruiser Isis. A British officer with a squad of marines climbed aboard, ordered a muster of all the passengers and took off two men bearing German names.

We thought the British Government had admitted this practice to be a needless affront to the neutral port of New York and had issued orders to its captains to that effect.

Last October the British converted cruiser Caronia made itself particularly offensive by hanging about Scotland Light, stopping neutral ships, overhauling cargoes and cross-examining passengers. The Evening World was the first to point out that actions of this sort deliberately ignored the dignity and rights of this country in its home waters.

The British Government was persuaded that it would be wise to restrain its war vessels from affronting a nation which was and still is scrupulously maintaining its neutrality and at the same time its friendliness. Toward the end of October the British Admiralty issued instructions that cruisers on patrol duty in the North Atlantic shall not lie so close to New York or other American harbors that their presence becomes an annoyance.

A whole flotilla of German ships has been tied up for nearly a year in New York harbor. There is no thought of their going out. There are no German vessels engaged in commerce on the Atlantic. Only vessels of Great Britain and her allies and ships of neutral nations have the freedom of waters adjacent to our coasts.

Why then should England keep up a stealthy blockade of this harbor three thousand miles from the war area? Dragging an occasional passenger from neutral ships is a piquant part of warfare at best. When the operation is repeatedly performed on vessels about to arrive at New York it becomes a nuisance and an insult.

It is time to declare this a free and open port.

The new transmitter at the Bayville wireless station can shoot a steady stream of messages straight to Berlin. Uncle Sam has taken over the plant. Why not fire THE message at regular intervals until something happens?

FRESH HOPE FOR FULTON STREET.

ENERGETIC citizens of Brooklyn who fought the B. R. T. plan to add to the clutter of steel in Fulton Street by third tracking the elevated line can congratulate themselves. The whole scheme has received a further check, this time from the Corporation Counsel.

At recent public hearings before the Transit Committee of the Board of Estimate, Alderman Squiers made the point that the B. R. T. is violating the terms of its contract by reconstructing the elevated with steel plate instead of lattice girders. Corporation Counsel Polk has submitted to the Board of Estimate his opinion that the use of solid girders—since neither the Public Service Commission nor the Board of Estimate has authorized them, and since they are forbidden by the company's franchise—is unauthorized and constitutes a nuisance.

Because of this ruling the Board of Estimate means to reconsider even the plan to remove the elevated track from a portion of Fulton Street to Adams Street until it is sure of its ground. On Mr. Polk's suggestion it will also take care, whatever it does, to approve nothing that might be construed as sanctioning the third-track scheme.

Thus a B. R. T. project which threatened further to darken and disfigure Brooklyn's chief business thoroughfare is halted by another bar. The whole question as it affects public and private interests can be given the thorough consideration that it ought to have had in the first place.

It remained for Miss Jane Addams to discover that which was hidden from the rest of us. "The war," says Miss Addams, "may end at any time and may last much longer." And now every one can know!

FEW THIEVES AMONG FIREMEN.

IT IS a rare thing for a fireman in this city to be accused of looting property under cover of fighting fire.

The Grand Jury has indicted two men of Hook and Ladder Truck No. 20 for burglary and grand larceny, including the theft of \$800 worth of silk and a \$400 cutting machine. A fence-keeper confessed to Fire Commissioner Adamson that at least ten firemen have sold him goods stolen from burning buildings. The Fire Commissioner and the District Attorney are trying to find out whether the accused men actually set fires to cover their stealing.

All this points to a grave scandal in the Fire Department. We are glad to recognize that it is an exceedingly unusual one in a branch of the municipal service which has made its efficiency a credit to the city. The firemen themselves will doubtless be the first to insist upon getting to the bottom of the charges and freeing the Department from the smallest suspicion of such traffic.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

Some persons waste experience upon thoughts of what they would have done if they had only had a noose.

"Hit your wagon to a star" is a handsome figure of speech, but it causes some men to go up in the air.—*Albany Journal.*

The boy beginning on tobacco always bites off more than he can chew.—*Danvers News.*

There is a lot of comfort in not having an umbrella when someone wants to borrow one.

Keeping Cool

By J. H. Cassel



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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WELL, son, I suppose you are happy now that there's no school till September," remarked Mr. Jarr to his eldest.

"Sure!" replied the boy. "Say, paw, gimme a' cents to go to the moving pictures!"

"Do you think you deserve to go to the moving pictures when you answer your father that way?"

The boy wriggled uneasily and answered:

"Johnny Rangle's going to get money and go to the movies, and he ain't polite!"

"Well, you should be," said Mr. Jarr, "and I doubt if he is going to get money, and even if he does, it is not as a reward for being impolite, I hope."

"Oh, for goodness sake, leave the child alone!" said Mrs. Jarr. "He's just as polite as any boy of his age, and a great deal more than some of them. The other day Mrs. Stryver asked him what he would say if she were to give him some candy, and he took off his cap and made the sweetest little bow and said, 'I'd say 'Thank you.'"

"I'll say 'Thank you,' paw, if you'll give me five cents to go to the movies!" cried Willie Jarr, eagerly.

"And wouldn't you be polite if you weren't rewarded for it?" asked his father. "Why, Willie!"

"Maybe the child's right," said Mrs. Jarr. "They say that politeness pays, but I'm sure it doesn't appear so to me. Willie's manners are very good, considering the example that is set him in certain quarters. And as I was telling you, he answered Mrs. Stryver very politely when she gave him a box of candy."

"But he made faces at her behind her back. I saw him," cried the little Jarr girl.

"Tattletale, tattletale!" cried the boy.

"Yes, he did, and he wouldn't give me none of the candy, although Mrs. Stryver asked him if he wasn't going to divide with his little sister and he said he was," said the little girl.

"You wanted half of it," shouted the boy. "Big pig!"

"Willie!" cried his mother.

"There, you see," said Mr. Jarr, "you do wish him to be punished when he is rude and you see the result."

The Jarr Children Have Manners, But They Keep Them Safely Hidden

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"Oh, when you were a boy you were so good that butter wouldn't melt in your mouth, I daresay!" replied Mrs. Jarr. "But you had the whole countryside to run around and play in. Our poor children have been cooped up in school since last fall and now they are cooped up in the house, for I don't like them to play in the street too much, where they are in danger of getting run over and they hear worse things than they know now. Willie didn't really say anything rude and I certainly am not going to punish him for not saying 'No, sir,' and 'Yes, sir.'"

Just then Gertrude, the servant girl, put her head in the door.

"I wish you'd come out to the children, ma'am," she said. "I'm sure I can't do anything with them and I won't stay in this place if I'm going to be talked to the way they talked to me. They asked for some cake and when I asked them to say 'Please,' they wouldn't do it."

"Huh!" said Mr. Jarr when Mrs. Jarr came back flushed from her exertions. "You let them sass their father, but you corrected them for Gertrude."

"Well," replied Mrs. Jarr, "it's easy enough to keep a husband, but I'm not going to lose a good girl through their impudence. Where do they get such bad manners, anyway?"

To Keep Baby Well.

By Marion Barton.

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DON'T overfeed baby. Heat depresses appetite, so keep him well by diluting his food one-third with boiled water in muggy weather.

Don't give baby milk for a day if he is sick at the stomach. Give two teaspoonsful of castor oil and scant feedings of barley water (one tablespoonful to one quart of boiling water and boil half an hour), which does not produce heat, as does milk. Gradually put him back on his feedings next day.

Don't make diet changes during hot spells. Tidy baby over on what he is accustomed to, unless it actually harms him.

Don't forget the gospel of milk once! Keep milk clean, covered and cool. Give baby only that inspected by health officials. All summer long boil or pasteurize it.

Don't forget that baby feels thirst just as you do. Give him plenty of boiled, cooled water. This often stops fretting and sleeplessness that might harass him into illness.

Don't prostrate baby with tight or bulky clothing.

Don't forget that cleanliness is baby's insurance policy. Keep him in clean food, clean clothes and clean surroundings.

Don't neglect to bathe baby three or four times every hot day, and in the middle of the night if he frets. Often frequent cool sponge baths prevent convulsions. They always prevent discomfort and make a baby's life a life of ease.

Don't expose baby to midday sun this time of year. Light-struck eyes cause headache and sun-struck pavements cause heatstroke.

Don't let baby get too hot. Give him long outings by getting him outdoors earlier mornings and keeping him out, as long as possible, till you go to bed at night.

Don't deprive baby of the life-giving boon of fresh air. Ventilate rooms day and night. Stale air gets vapor-soaked and so prevents free perspiration which discharges body heat.

Don't give a peevish baby soothing syrups, but find out what troubles him and remove it. Protect his food from flies. Screen his crib and carriage from insects, which cause discomfort while their bites bring disease.

Don't exhaust baby's reserve strength in playful bounding and unnecessary handling. Quiet is a shock-absorber. Only comfort.

The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune

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NO. 29—THE WOODLAND WOOING—By Erckmann-Chatrian.

JUDGE SEILER of Zurich was rich and sixty. And he was in love for the first time in his life. In love with a girl who was not yet twenty. In love with pretty Charlotte Foerster, daughter of a Government gamekeeper who owed his job to Seiler.

The Judge had met Charlotte by the merest chance one day as he was fishing at the base of the Biegelberg. Her sweetness, her fresh beauty and the nameless charm that clung to her all went straight to Seiler's weak old heart and strong old brain.

He walked home to her father's cottage with her.

Many a time after that—almost every day—Judge Seiler found his way to the Foerster cottage. He was a revered and welcome guest. Charlotte grew to have a genuine affection for him. So did her parents. He showered them all with costly gifts and talked of using his political pull to get Foerster a big pension.

He could see he was making fine progress in the hearts of the whole family. And at last he felt that the time had come for him to ask Charlotte's hand in marriage.

Seiler had no fear that he would be refused. He could see that the girl was very fond of him, and he was certain he could fan that fondness into love. Moreover, under Charlotte's influence, he felt strangely young and buoyant. His sixty years seemed to him to have fallen away to twenty-five. He was in love. Idiotically in love.

One evening he went to the Foersters' cottage for the night, sending in advance several kegs of the Rikerver wine that old Foerster liked best. Seiler had resolved to call the family together in the morning and to make formal demands for Charlotte. He had sent the wine to win still further the good will of his prospective father-in-law.

The Judge was cordially received at the cottage and was thanked over and over again for the delicious wine. He was assigned to the little room usually occupied by Charlotte, and he fell asleep in happy thoughts of the morrow.

Before dawn Judge Seiler was awakened by the tossing of a handful of pebbles against the room's one window. He stole out to solve the mystery, and confronted a tall and handsome young peasant, Karl Inman, son of a forester, who lived in the next village.

At sight of Seiler the young fellow was dumfounded. But he stood his ground. Under the Judge's aghast cross-examination Karl said he had crept to the cottage in hope of exchanging a few words with Charlotte.

He said they had long loved each other, but as he was poor he dared not ask old Foerster for the girl. Judge Seiler said little. Presently he went back to the bed, feeling very old and very lonely. His crazy love dream was flown. He was awake now. He realized that youth and age are a million miles apart, and that they can never be rightfully mated. Alone, there in the darkness of the little room, Judge Seiler reconstructed his life plan.

In the morning he went straight to Foerster and said: "I still have some influence with the Government. In two weeks Karl Inman will be the Assistant Forester of the Grindelwald. I ask you to give your daughter Charlotte in marriage to this worthy sutor."

Nor would Seiler leave the cottage until Charlotte's parents had solemnly consented to her marriage to Karl.

The betrothal feast was made lively by the kegs of Rikerver wine the Judge had sent to Foerster. But Seiler himself did not grace the feast with his presence. To every one's regret he was detained at home by a sudden illness.

Pop's Mutual Motor

By Alma Woodward

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"WELL, why did they buy a roadster in the first place?" shouted Pop. "They're always boasting about the number of friends they have. Why do people with such hosts of friends buy a two-seated car?"

"They have a very logical explanation for it," elucidated Mr. "They say that they both have a great many relations in very moderate circumstances. These relations all have children. Now, they wouldn't object to taking these people out every once in a while and giving them a ride, but when people go out in a car it's always a question of stopping to have a drink or a bite to eat—and they'd have to foot all the bills. And they say it would break them. See?"

"Sounds grand!" scoffed Pop. "The whole thing is that they're too blamed selfish to give other people a little pleasure. And now when a man comes on from the West—a possible big customer—Green wants to ring and see the goat and have me take the man and his wife out in my car. I should waste my gasoline and stand the wear and tear on my tires for his customers, so he can make a bit. Nothing doing!"

"Aren't you disagreeable, Milton?" argued Mr. "Can't you do a favor for a friend?"

"I depend upon the favor," retorted Pop. "What business did Mrs. Green tell you this man was in?"

"Why, he owns the largest printing plant West of the Mississippi and he's here to buy some new presses. It would mean a big order for Mr. Green if he could land it."

Pop thought seriously for a moment. "I do it!" he decided. "And just before we called for the car, Pop went to his desk and shoved a lot of printed slips into his pocket."

"We'll let Green set the pace in his roadster," he told the man from the West a little later. "He knows which way he wants to go. There are two good roads."

So the Greens motored off with much display of out-of-town technique. And for thirty miles they were visible to us. On the thirty-first mile Pop slowed down a bit, giving us a reason that the engine was unusually hot. We came to a crossroads. The horizon was bare of any and all cars.

"Well, we're up against it," said Pop. "Most cheerfully I'll take a chance and turn to the left."

Then he whooped it up for twenty miles. No sign of the Greens.

"We took the wrong road," announced Pop. "Well, we might as well stop at this interesting little town and have a bite."

There were several delectable cafes and first after it was over Pop and the man from the West went strolling under the trees, smoking. When they came back Pop was just another business for, anyway? Signed for eight thousand dollars, worth! Say, if Green wants to sell printing presses to-morrow, let him hire a jitney!"

Wit, Wisdom and Philosophy

By Famous Authors

CONTENTMENT AND THANKFULNESS.

By Isaac Walton.

THAT happiness and peace may appear to be greater and we of mankind the more thankful for it, I ask you to consider how many do even at this time lie under the torment of troubles that you are free from. Every misery that you or I miss is a new misery. There are others that have had disaster of broken limbs; some have been blinded, others thunder-stricken, and have been freed from them and these other miseries that threaten.

Remember there are many that have forty times our estate that would give the greater part of it to be healthy and cheerful like us.

I have a rich neighbor who is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh. The whole business of his life is to get money and more money, that he may still get more and more money, but he considers not that it is not in the power of such to make a man happy. Let us not repine or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt if we see another abound with riches. For God knows the cares that are the yoke that keep these riches hanging often so heavily at the rich man's girdle that they clog him in the power of such to make a man happy. Let us not repine or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt if we see another abound with riches. For God knows the cares that are the yoke that keep these riches hanging often so heavily at the rich man's girdle that they clog him in the power of such to make a man happy. Let us not repine or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt if we see another abound with riches. 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